

The Nature Of The Beast

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The Nature Of The Beast

by [psychoticmids](#)

Summary

When Will Graham accidentally wounds a wolf, he takes the predator home and nurses it back to health. Although Will's bond slowly builds with the wolf, his other dogs aren't fond of the new addition. Since the human can't understand them, or see what Hannibal is, it's up to Will's dogs to keep their human protected from the wolf.

Notes

I am using the lore about witches from the show Supernatural. In Supernaturals lore there are three types of witches.

1. Natural Witches are born with magical abilities.
2. Trained Witches (or Students) who are trained or mentored usually by Grand Coven approved witches.
3. Borrowers who gain their powers through deals with demons

This series is inspired by Supernatural season 8, Episode 15: Man's best friend with benefits. There will be no spoilers about the episode, or any references to the episode.

Additional note: Yes, I am going to have Will Graham's dogs talk to each other and give them personalities, no Will can not understand them.

The headlights from the car light up the dark gravel road, dark silhouettes of trees on both sides of the 2009, Jeep Cherokee. Through the front window the sky opens up, dark and glimmering with stars and the soft glow of the moon. Will Graham sits in the driver's seat, making his way home from work, trying to himself alert and his eyes open. His heavy eyelids cascade, and his head bobs forward tiredly for only a moment; he snaps his head back and opens his eyes, just in time to see a black wolf run into the road. Will presses his foot down as hard as he can on the brake pedal, trying to prevent hitting the canine, the brakes screech loudly as they work to slow the vehicle down. It's not going to be enough. As a final attempt, Will turns the steering wheel, praying that the car turns and avoids the wolf. The Jeep turns, but as it does, the side of the front of the car thuds against the wolf, just before it comes to a full stop, sitting sideways in the road.

"Shit." Will curses to himself as he unbuckles the seat belt, and rushes to the wolf that lies beside the jeep, motionless on the ground. "Oh no, no, no, no!" Will repeats to himself, his stomach sinking thinking he had killed the canine, he gets closer to get a better look, and also keeps his distance, just in case the wolf gets up and tries to attack him. A whine of pain comes from the wolf, it's stomach rising and falling slowly as it breathes; cautiously he approaches the wolf, and takes a knee beside the canine. "Hey there," he says in a calm, even tone, despite the nerves fluttering in his gut. "You're going to be alright." Will assures the wolf, speaking to the canine as if it could understand him, his hand trembles as he reaches for the wolf, and strokes its soft black fur. "I'll take you home and get you back on your feet." He promises, knowing it's the best thing he can do to make up for running into the canine in the first place. The gravel crunches under his foot as he shifts and lowers his other leg on the ground, tucking his hands underneath the wolf, slowly lifting it into his arms. The wolf yips in pain, the sound tearing at his heart. "I'm sorry, I know it hurts. Just hold on." Will says in a soft, gentle tone, and stands himself back up, carefully carrying the wolf to the jeep. He shifts the canine's weight just a little, wincing when the wolf whimpers at the pain.

"Almost there." He assures the wolf, grabbing the handle and pulls the door open, and sets the wolf down as gently as he can in the back seat. Closing the back door, he climbs into the driver's seat, buckling himself up before closing his own door. He pulls the Jeep around, to straighten up the vehicle and presses his foot against the gas pedal, driving as fast as he can to his house. From the backseat of the car, Hannibal opens his eyes, looking up at the human in the front seat, and his lips curl into a smile. *Foolish human.* The car comes to a stop and the wolf closes his eyes, wiping the smile from his face. In the driver's seat, Will kills the engine and as he unbuckles the seat belt, he opens his door shoving the keys in his pocket, and slams the door behind him. From in the house he can hear his dogs barking with excitement; he opens the back door of the jeep, scooping the wolf into his arms as carefully as he can, and uses his foot to kick the door closed. Will hurries up to the front door, shifting the wolf's weight again, grinding his teeth at the sound of the whine from the canine. "I'm so sorry." He apologizes, as he fishes his keys from his pocket and inserts it into the lock, flicking his wrist to unlock the door and he pulls the door open. "Hold on guys," he tells the other dogs in his home, stepping through the crowd, making his way to the couch and lays the wolf down on the brown cushions. "I'll be right back!" He then says, leaving the living room and goes down the hall to the bathroom to get the medical kit.

Winston, a sandy colored mixed breed mutt, steps toward the wolf, sniffing at the other canine and furrows his brow confused. Something doesn't smell right. Will comes rushing back in the room, and starts to look over the wolf for any signs of bleeding, or any indication of a fractured, or broken bone. The wolf howls in pain, but to Winston it sounds like an over dramatic yelp. He looks over at Ellie, the black and white Border Collie, standing beside him and she doesn't seem to be buying the act either. Their owner of course, can't hear what they hear, and carefully wraps the bandages around the wolf's chest. "It's going to be alright." He coos softly, stroking the wolf on the head after he finishes, and sighs deeply, falling to the ground on his behind. Winston steps forward, nudging at Will's arm with his nose. The human rubs at his closed eyes, then opens them and looks at Winston with light green eyes. "Hey Winston." He says, managing to smile, stroking the top of Winston's head in between his ears, then looks at the rest of the dogs in the room.

"I bet you guys are hungry." Pushing himself to his feet, Will goes to the kitchen, opening a cabinet and grabs the bag of dog food from inside. Pouring the food into the separate bowls, he then puts the bag back in the cabinet, and his gaze goes back to the wolf lying on the couch. "Why don't you all sleep in my room tonight?" He asks the dogs who wag their tail in response, most nights he passed out on the floor with them anyway, so it didn't make much of a difference. While the dogs begin to eat, Will grabs the medical kit, and goes back down the hallway to put it away and get ready for bed.

"Something isn't right about that wolf." Winston says in a husky voice, once their owner was gone.

"It doesn't smell like a wolf." Zoe, the shaggy white bichon frisé, points out in a low feminine voice that is quiet and difficult to hear.

"I don't trust it," Elie's smokey voice adds. "We shouldn't leave the wolf alone with Will while it's here."

"Ya 'on't fhink 'e's gonna 'dopt it. Do ya?" Jack the small, white unknown mixed-breed mutt, with an under bite asks, sounding nasally and mused.

"We can't let that happen." Buster the brown molosser says gruffly.

"We need to hurry and get to Will." Max, the light brown and white Jack Russell Terrier says, his gravelly voice that is low and rough, wavers nervously. The dogs don't touch their food, too worried about their owner, and hurry down the hall to his room, jumping up in the bed with him, and surround him protectively. Will leans over Zoe that lays beside his arm, above Ellie at his side, and turns off the light on the lamp.

"Night guys." Will says to them, sliding down to avoid Max lying above him, and scoots his legs underneath Buster, and closes his eyes.

"I'll keep first watch." Winston offers from Will's side, below Jack, who is laying on the pillow next to Will's head. The others make themselves comfortable, and soon fall asleep, while Winston remains awake and alert. He only wished he knew what it was that made the wolf smell so strange, so he could have an idea of what he is up against.

Early in the morning, during Buster's watch, a pair of big yellow eyes peer into the room. He growls darkly at the wolf in the doorway, Will stirs in the bed, and groans. "Scram, wolf!" Buster snarls, baring his teeth, rising to his feet on the bed.

"Now, now, that's no way to treat a guest," Hannibal tsks disapprovingly, firmly keeping his ground in the doorway. "No matter, one of these nights it will be me in that bed."

"Not if we can help it," Buster snaps back, the Wolf smirks as he steps back out of the doorway, disappearing around the corner.

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